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this was my first offense. Little suppers! Honest, now, there was more'n I'd want if I hadn't been fed for a week. Generally I can worry along with three squares a day, and when I do feel like havin' a bite before I hit the blankets, a *sweetzerkase* sandwich does me. But this affair had seven acts to it, and everyone was a mystery.

"Why, I didn't know you were such an epicure," says Sadie.

"Me either," says I; "but I'd never let myself loose before. Have some more *pully* from the *carroussel*, and help yourself to the—the other thing."

"Shorty, tell me how you managed it," says she.

"I've been taking lessons by mail," says I. "You're a dear to do it, anyway," says she. "Just think of the figure I'd cut coming here by my lonesome. It's bad enough at the hotel, with only Mrs. Prusset. And I've been wanting to come for weeks. What luck it was, finding you to-day!"

"Say, don't run away with the idea that I'm makin' a day's work of this," says I. "I'm havin' a little fun out of this myself. There's worse company than you, y'know."

"And I've met a heap of men stupider than Shorty McCabe," says she, givin' me the jolly with that sassy grin of hers, and lettin' go one of those gurgly laughs that sounds as if it had been made on a clarinet.

It was just about then that I looks up and finds Pinkney standing on one foot, waitin' for a chance to butt in.

"Why, professor! This is a pleasure," says he.

"Hello!" says I. "Where'd you blow in from?"

Then I makes him acquainted with Sadie, and asks him what it'll be. Oh, he did it well; seemed as surprised as if he hadn't seen me for a year, and begins to get acquainted with Sadie right away. I tried to give her the wink, meanin' to put her next to the fact that here was where she ought to come out strong on the broad A's, and throw in the dontcher-knows frequent; but it was no go. She didn't care a rap. She talked just as she would to me, asked Pinkney all sorts of fool questions, and inside of two minutes them two was carryin' on like a couple of kids.

"I'm a rank outsider here, you know," says she, "and if it hadn't been for Shorty I'd never got in at all. Oh, sure, Shorty and I are old chums. We used to slide down the same cellar door."

S'elp me, I was plumb ashamed of Sadie then, givin' herself away like that. But Pinkney seemed to think it was great sport. Pretty soon he says he's got some friends over at another table, and did she mind if he brought 'em over.

"Think you'd better?" says she. "I'm the Mrs. Dipworthy of the 'Drowsy Drops,' you know, and that's a tag that won't come off."

"If you'll allow me," says he, "I'll attend to the tag business. They'll be delighted to meet you."

"Say," says I, soon as he'd left, "don't be a sieve, Sadie. Just forget auld lang syne, and remember that you're travelin' high."

"They've got to take me for what I am, or not at all," says she.

"Yes, but you ain't got no cue to tell the story of your life," says I.

"That's my whole stock in trade, Shorty," says she.

I was lookin' for her to revise that notion when I sees the kind of company Pinkney was luggin' up to spring on us. I'd seen their pictures in the papers, and knew 'em on sight. And the pair wasn't anything but the top of the bunch. You know the Twombly-Cranes, that cut more ice in July than the Knickerbocker Trust does all winter. Why say, to see the house rubber at 'em as they came sailin' our way, you'd thought they was paid performers stepping up to do their act. It was a case of bein' in the lime-light for us, from that on.

"Hully chee!" says I. "Here's where I ought to fade."

But there wasn't any show to duck; for Felix was chasin' over some more chairs, and

Pinkney was doin' the honors all round, and the first thing I knew we was a nice little fam'ly party, chuckin' repartee across the pink candle-shades, and behavin' like star boarders that had paid in advance.

It was Sadie, though, that had the center of the stage, and I'll be staggered if she didn't jump in to make her bluff good. She let out everything that she shouldn't have told, from how she used to wait on table at her mother's boarding-house, to the way she'd got the frozen face ever since she came to town.

"But what am I expected to do?" says she. "I've got no Hetty Green grip on my bank-book. There's a whole binful of the 'Drowsy Drop' dollars, and I'm willing to throw 'em on the bonfire just as liberal as the next one, only I want a place around the ring. There's no fun in playing a lone hand, is there? I've been trying to find out what's wrong with me, anyway?"

"My dear girl," says Mrs. Twombly-Crane, "there's nothing wrong with you at all. You're simply delicious. Isn't she, now, Freddie?"

And Freddie just grinned. Say, some men is born wise. "Professor McCabe and I are exchanging views on the coming light-weight contest," says he. "Don't mind us, my dear."

Perhaps that's what we were gassin' about, or why is a hen. You can search me. I was that rattled with Sadie's nerve display that I didn't follow anything else real close.

But when it was all over, and I'd been brought to by a peep at the bill the waiter handed me, I couldn't figure out whether she'd made a bull's-eye or rung in a false alarm.

One thing I did notice, as we sails out, and that was the stout Pettigrew person who'd passed Sadie the pickled pig's foot on the avenue that afternoon. She was sitting opposite a skimpy little runt with a bald head, at a table up near the door where the waiters juggled soup over her feathers every time they passed. Her eyes were glued on Sadie as we came up, and by the spread of the furrows around her mouth I see she was tryin' to crack a smile.

"Now," thinks I, "here's where she collects chilblains and feels the mercury drop."

But say! would you look for it in a dream book? What does Sadie do but pass her out the glad hand and coo away, like a pouter pigeon on a cornice, about being tickled to see her again. Oh, they get me dizzy, women do!

That wa'n't a marker though, to the reverse English carom Sadie takes after we'd got into a cab and started for her hotel. Was there a jolly for me, or a "Thank you, Shorty, I've had the time of my life?" Nothin' like it. She just slumped into her corner and switched on the boo-hoos like a girl that's been kept after school.

"Enjoy yourself, Sadie," says I. "Only remember that this is a hansom, not a street sprinkler."

That didn't fetch her, so after awhile I tries her again. "What went wrong?" says I. "Was she stringin' you, or was it the way I wore my face that queered the show?"

"It's all right, Shorty," says she between weeps. "And nothing's wrong, nothing at all. Mrs. What's-Her-Name's asked me to stay a week with her at their Newport place, and old Mrs. Pettigrew will turn green before morning thinkin' of me, and I've shaken the hoodoo at last. But it all came so much in a lump that I just had to turn on the sprayer. You know how I feel, don't you, Shorty?"

"Sure," says I, "just as well as if you'd sent me a picture postal of the place you boarded last."

But say, I turned the trick, didn't I? I didn't know what was comin' out of the box, of course; and maybe I was some jolted at throwin' three sixes to a pair, but there they lay.

No, I ain't goin' into the boostin' line as a reg'lar thing, but I guess if any amateur in the business gets a rose nailed on him, I ought to be the gent. Not?

On the National Holiday

COMMENT was made on the fact that the death of the late ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin occurred on Independence Day. But as Hamlin was never President, and as public men pass away on the Fourth of July just as on other days, there really is no coincidence—nothing that calls for remark.

But eighty years ago an ever-memorable event occurred in connection with the national holiday. On July 4, 1826, John Adams, the second President of the United States, died in the ninety-first year of his age, and Thomas Jefferson, the third President, died on the same day, at the age of eighty-three.

Jefferson, on July 3, asking those around him the day of the month, had expressed the wish to live to see the dawn of the fiftieth anniversary of the great Declaration which he had drawn and signed; while Adams, on being asked, when the bells rang and the cannon fired, if he knew what day it was, had replied: "Oh, yes; it is the glorious Fourth of July God bless it!"

It is remarkable also that James Monroe, the fifth President, died five years later on the Fourth of July, 1831, at the age of seventy-three. The death of Madison, the fourth President, which occurred after another five years, in 1836, at the age of eighty-five, took place in the week preceding the nation's birth anniversary.

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